STONISHING TALES OF SCIENCE FICTION!
ASTONISHING
JUNE
10¢
IT WAS JUST AN ORDINARY DUNGEON--DARK, GRIM, AND FILLED WITH A GHOSTLY SILENCE! BUT MARVEL BOY HAD TO LEARN WHY IT CHANGED INTO
"THE SCREAMING TOMB!"
ALL-NEW, ALL-ASTONISHING TALES OF MARVEL BOY!! THE MOST AMAZING ADVENTURES YOU'VE EVER READ!!!

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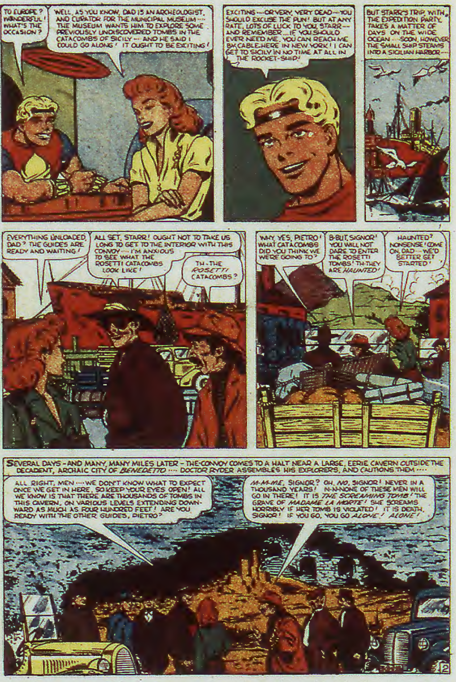
SCREAMING
EEEEAAAGHH!
TOMB!
IN A MODERN, THOUGH OBSCURE BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY, MILLIONS* BEGIN A SHIVERS ON TWO PLANETS, 1018 AND 1019 LIGHT YEARS AWAY!
STRANGE SPACIOUS!! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?! WHY DO I FEEL CHILLY?! WHY DO YOU SMACK THE "BEJEEZ" OF EVERY ONE OF US?!
I WOULD YOU JUST GET BACK, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! I'M NOT DONE! I HAVE TO TELL YOU GOOD BYE. I'VE SENT THE CORRUPT ONES TO THE "BEJEEZ" WITH MY SMILE!
* ASTONISHING FIGURE!!! ED.

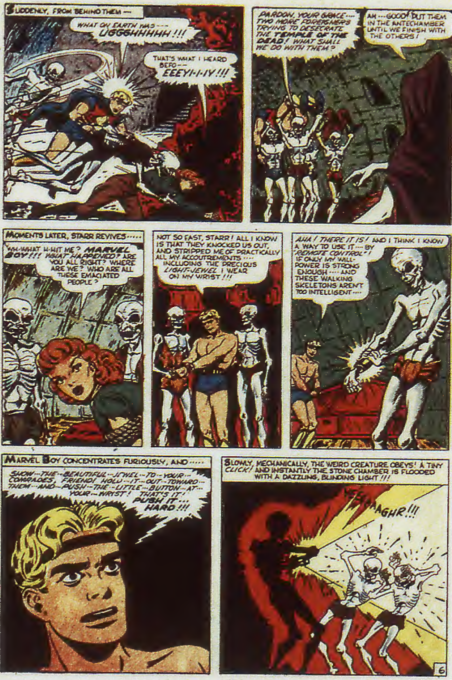
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

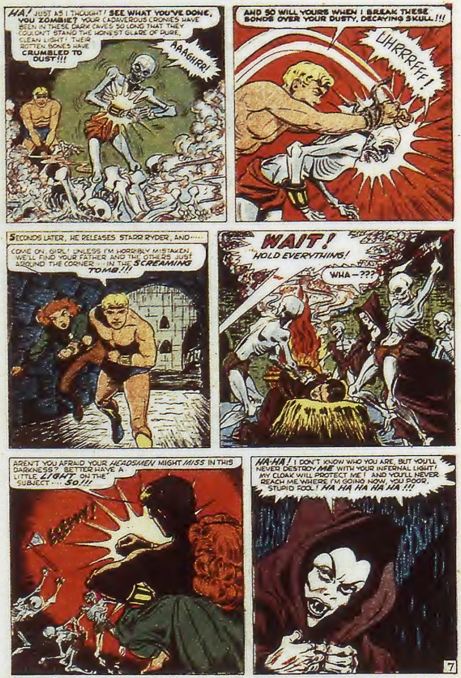

TO EUROPE? WONDERFUL! WHAT'S THE OCCASION?
WELL, AS YOU KNOW, DAD IS AN ARCHEOLOGIST, AND CURATOR FOR THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM --- THE MUSEUM WANTS HIM TO EXPLORE SOME PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED TOMBS IN THE CATACOMBS OF SICILY --- AND HE SAID I COULD GO ALONG! IT OUGHT TO BE EXCITING!
EXCITING --- OR VERY, VERY DEAD --- YOU SHOULD EXCUSE THE PUN! BUT AT ANY RATE, LOTS OF LUCK TO YOU, STARR -- AND REMEMBER ... IF YOU SHOULD EVER NEED ME, YOU CAN REACH ME BY CABLE HERE IN NEW YORK! I CAN GET TO SICILY IN NO TIME AT ALL IN THE ROCKET-SHIP!
BUT STARR'S TRIP, WITH THE EXPEDITION PARTY, TAKES A MATTER OF DAYS ON THE WIDE OCEAN --- SOON, HOWEVER THE SMALL SHIP STEAMS INTO A SICILIAN HARBOR ---
EVERYTHING UNLOADED, DAD? THE GUIDES ARE READY AND WAITING!
ALL SET, STARR! OUGHT NOT TO TAKE US LONG TO GET TO THE INTERIOR WITH THIS CONVOY ---- I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT THE ROSETTI CATACOMBS LOOK LIKE!
TH-THE *ROSETTI* CATACOMBS?
WHY, YES, PIETRO! WHAT CATACOMBS DID YOU THINK WE WERE GOING TO?
B-BUT, SIGNOR! YOU WILL NOT DARE TO ENTER THE ROSETTI TOMBS! TH-THEY ARE *HAUNTED*!
HAUNTED? NONSENSE! COME ON, DAD -- WE'D BETTER GET STARTED!
SEVERAL DAYS - AND MANY, MANY MILES LATER - THE CONVOY COMES TO A HALT NEAR A LARGE, EERIE CAVERN OUTSIDE THE DECADENT, ARCHAIC CITY OF *BENEDETTO* ---- DOCTOR RYDER ASSEMBLES HIS EXPLORERS, AND CAUTIONS THEM ----
ALL RIGHT, MEN ---- WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT ONCE WE GET IN HERE, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF TOMBS IN THIS CAVERN, ON VARIOUS LEVELS EXTENDING DOWNWARD AS MUCH AS FOUR HUNDRED FEET! ARE YOU READY WITH THE OTHER GUIDES, PIETRO?
*M-M-ME*, SIGNOR? OH, *NO*, SIGNOR! NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS! N-N-NONE OF THESE MEN WILL GO IN THERE! IT IS *THE SCREAMING TOMB*! THE GRAVE OF *MADAME LA MORTE*! SHE SCREAMS HORRIBLY IF HER TOMB IS VIOLATED! IT IS DEATH, SIGNOR! IF YOU GO, YOU GO *ALONE*! *ALONE*!
2

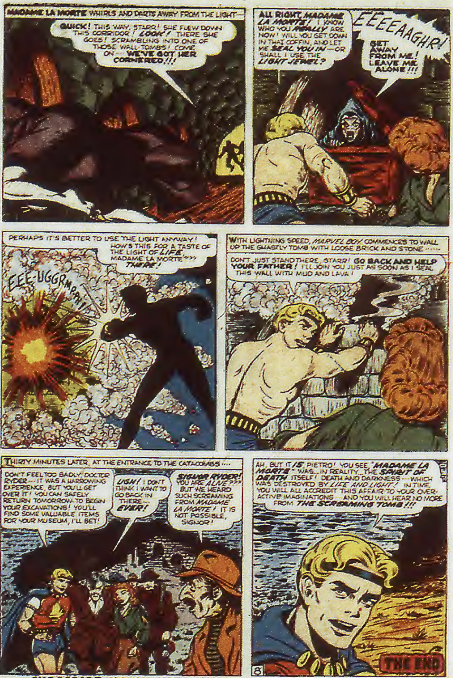
BAH! THAT'S JUST SILLY SUPERSTITIOUS HOGWASH! WHO WAS THIS GHOSTLY "MADAME LA MORTE" ANYWAY?
AH, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS, SIGNOR! IT IS THOUGHT SHE WAS A MILITARY SPY AND A BRUTAL MURDERESS IN THE DAYS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE! AT DEATH SHE BECAME A VAMPIRE — RISING FROM HER MOULDY GRAVE AND TERRORIZING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR MANY, MANY CENTURIES!
PURE PEASANT PAGANISM! WELL, IF PIETRO AND HIS GUIDES WON'T COME WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO STRIKE OUT ON OUR OWN! LET'S GO!
GEE, DAD — I'M SCARED! THIS PLACE REALLY IS GRUESOME! I DON'T — YIPE! BATS, DAD! VAMPIRE BATS!
EASY, DARLIN' — EASY! DON'T TRY TO FIGHT THEM OFF! JUST PROTECT YOUR HEAD AND KEEP CALM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A PASSAGE TO THE LOWER LEVELS
OVER HERE, DOC! THERE'S A CRUMBLING FLIGHT OF STAIRS ···· DANGEROUS, BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! COME ON ····
GOOD GRIEF, IT'S DARK DOWN HERE — EVEN WITH THESE BATTERY LIGHTS! AND WHAT AN AWFUL STENCH OF ··· OF ··· DEATH!
ARE WE ALL TOGETHER? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BEHIND US! ARE YOU STILL WITH US, STARR? STARR ···· ???
EEEEEEEEOOOOWW!
OOOOHH-H-H!
STARR! STARR!!! WHERE ARE YOU??? GREAT HEAVENS! SHE'S DISAPPEARED! WHAT'S THAT TERRIBLE SCREAMING?
S-S-SAINTS P-PRESERVE US! THAT WAS NO HUMAN SCREAM! I — I — I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH DAD AND THE OTHERS! G-G-GOT TO G-GET OUT OF HERE ···· IF I C-CAN ONLY F-FIND MY WAY B-B-BACK!

LISTEN, BOYS, YOU GO AHEAD AND FIND OUT WHO'S DOING THAT SCREAMING --- I'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND GET STARR!
OKAY DOC -- HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
YOU'LL -- NOT -- GO -- ANYWHERE -- SIGNOR !!!
GREAT GUNS! WH-WHO ARE YOU? AND WHERE ON EARTH DO YOU COME FROM???
I -- AM -- AN -- EMISSARY -- OF -- MADAME LA MORTE !!! YOU -- GENTLEMEN -- WILL -- COME -- WITH -- ME!
NUTS TO YOU, YOU -- YOU ZOMBIE! I'LL GO WHERE I .... HOLY SMOKE! I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I'M FOLLOWING HIM!
S-S-SO AM I! IT'S .... IT'S LIKE SOME MAGNETIC POWER!
I'M G-GOING, TOO! IF THIS GUY'S HUMAN, THEN I MUST BE -- BE --- D-D-DEAD !!!
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT! THESE MUST BE THE UNDISCOVERED TOMBS!
LOOK! ISN'T THAT A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR? AND LOOK AT ALL THE DUSTY, ROTTING COFFINS !!!
G-GOSH! IT'S SO STUFFY AND -- AND DEAD IN HERE, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! LOOK! THAT HUGE DOOR!
INFIDELS! .... MORTAL UNBELIEVERS! .... BOW TO HER GRACE .... MADAME LA MORTE !!!
GOOD EVENING, AMERICANS! IT IS GOOD TO LOOK UPON LIVING, HUMAN FLESH AGAIN! SUCH NICE, RICH, WARM BLOOD! IT'S BEEN SO LONG .... BUT THAT WOULD NOT INTEREST YOU .... YOU WILL SOON BE ONE OF US!!! DIABLO, PREPARE THE ALTAR FOR OUR NICE, RED-BLOODED FRIENDS!
4

HEY! LET GO OF ME YOU --- YOU PETRIFIED CORPSE! WHADDYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?
EGAD! THESE MUMMIES ARE STRONG AS ---
AAAAAGHR-R-R!!!
G-G-GREAT HEAVENS! WE'RE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SAY, DOC --- D-D-DO YOU THINK THESE GUYS ARE REALLY ALIVE? I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THEY ACTUALLY ARE ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES!
NONSENSE, ALDRICH! THEY'RE REAL ENOUGH! MEMBERS OF SOME WEIRD, MURDEROUS DEATH-CULT WOULD BE MY GUESS! AT ANY RATE, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME OF IT! I ONLY HOPE STARR MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM!
MEANWHILE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN ----
SIGNORINA RYDER! WE HEARD THE SCREAMING OF MADAME LA MORTE! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
I -- I D-DON'T KNOW, PIETRO! THEY DISAPPEARED JUST AS THAT GHASTLY SCREECH STARTED! I'VE GOT TO GET HELP -- BUT SINCE NONE OF YOU WILL GO IN THAT PLACE, I'LL HAVE TO CALL ON SOMEONE WHO'S AFRAID OF NOTHING! TAKE ME TO THE NEAREST CABLE OFFICE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!!!
TWO PRECIOUS, DESPERATE HOURS LATER ......
GREAT STARS OF SATAN! I MIGHT'VE GUESSED SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN! DOUBT IF I CAN GET OVER THERE IN TIME TO DO ANY GOOD, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TRY! STARR'S FATHER MIGHT BE TRAPPED IN A CAVE-IN ---- OR SOMETHING WORSE!
ANOTHER DESPERATE HOUR IS CONSUMED IN A LIGHTNING-LIKE FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ----
ATOM-ROCKETS WIDE OPEN, BUT STILL NOT FAST ENOUGH! I ONLY HOPE ....
A ZOOMING LANDING ON THE SICILIAN ISLAND, AND THEN ----
STARR! DID I GET HERE IN TIME? HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR FATHER YET?
NO ONE WILL HELP ME LOOK FOR HIM, MARVEL BOY! OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE! COME ON ---- THERE MAY STILL BE TIME!
STARR FOLLOWS THE TRAIL TAKEN PREVIOUSLY, UNTIL, ON A LOWER LEVEL ---
THIS IS WHERE I LOST THEM --- THEY MUST HAVE --- OOHHH! LISTEN!
EEEEEAAGHRR!!


SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND THEM —
WHAT ON EARTH WAS --- UGGGHHHHH!!!
THAT'S WHAT I HEARD BEFO-- EEEYI-I-IY!!!
PARDON, YOUR GRACE... TWO MORE FOREIGNERS TRYING TO DESECRATE THE TEMPLE OF THE DEAD! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?
AH ... GOOD! PUT THEM IN THE ANTECHAMBER UNTIL WE FINISH WITH THE OTHERS!
MOMENTS LATER, STARR REVIVES.....
WH-WHAT H-HIT ME? MARVEL BOY!!! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHERE ARE WE? WHO ARE ALL THESE EMACIATED PEOPLE?
NOT SO FAST, STARR! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY KNOCKED US OUT, AND STRIPPED ME OF PRACTICALLY ALL MY ACCOUTREMENTS .... INCLUDING THE PRECIOUS LIGHT-JEWEL I WEAR ON MY WRIST!!!
AHA! THERE IT IS! AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO USE IT --- BY "REMOTE CONTROL"! IF ONLY MY WILL-POWER IS STRONG ENOUGH .... AND THESE WALKING SKELETONS AREN'T TOO INTELLIGENT ....
MARVEL BOY CONCENTRATES FURIOUSLY, AND .....
SHOW--THE--BEAUTIFUL--JEWEL--TO--YOUR--COMRADES, FRIEND! HOLD--IT--OUT--TOWARD--THEM--AND--PUSH--THE--LITTLE--BUTTON--AT--YOUR--WRIST! THAT'S IT! PUSH IT... HARD!!!
SLOWLY, MECHANICALLY, THE WEIRD CREATURE OBEYS! A TINY CLICK! AND INSTANTLY THE STONE CHAMBER IS FLOODED WITH A DAZZLING, BLINDING LIGHT!!!
AGHR!!!


HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU ZOMBIE? YOUR CADAVEROUS CRONIES HAVE BEEN IN THESE DARK CAVES SO LONG THAT THEY COULDN'T STAND THE HONEST GLARE OF PURE, CLEAN LIGHT! THEIR ROTTEN BONES HAVE CRUMBLED TO DUST!!!
AAAGHRR!
AND SO WILL YOURS WHEN I BREAK THESE BONDS OVER YOUR DUSTY, DECAYING SKULL!!!
UHRRRFFF!
SECONDS LATER, HE RELEASES STARR RYDER, AND.....
COME ON, GIRL! UNLESS I'M HORRIBLY MISTAKEN, WE'LL FIND YOUR FATHER AND THE OTHERS JUST AROUND THE CORNER ... IN THE SCREAMING TOMB!!!
WAIT! HOLD EVERYTHING!
WHA-???
AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOUR HEADSMEN MIGHT MISS IN THIS DARKNESS? BETTER HAVE A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT ... SO!!!
HA-HA! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER DESTROY ME WITH YOUR INFERNAL LIGHT! MY CLOAK WILL PROTECT ME! AND YOU'LL NEVER REACH ME WHERE I'M GOING NOW, YOU POOR, STUPID FOOL! HA HA HA HA HA!!!

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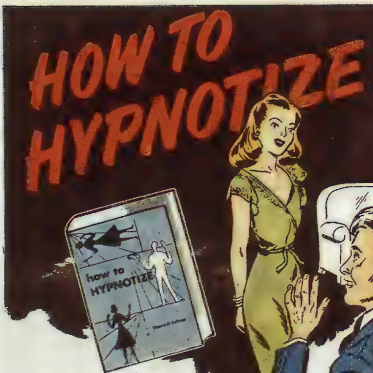


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MARVEL BOY.... in
WHEN A PLANET DIES!
LOOK! SKY POLICE!!! WHERE DID THEY GET WATER TO OPERATE ON?
8228
IN A PUBLIC SQUARE IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE PLANET URANUS MANY LIGHT-YEARS FROM EARTH, MARVEL BOY LISTENS TO A CROWD DISCUSSING A COMMON TOPIC OF CONVERSATION ---
THEY SAY THE WATER SHORTAGE IS DUE TO BECOME EVEN MORE ACUTE THIS WEEK--
IT'S AWFUL! THEY STARTED RATIONING YESTERDAY, AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH WATER TO WASH OUR CLOTHES!
THEY'VE SHUT OFF ALL THE PUBLIC FOUNTAINS AND DRINKING TROUGHS!
SOMEWHAT LATER HE QUESTIONS HIS FATHER, DOCTOR GRAYSON, THE UNIVERSALLY NOTED EARTH SCIENTIST
DAD, THE SITUATION'S BECOMING DESPERATE! ALREADY SOME OF THE CITY RESIDENTS HAVE DIED FROM LACK OF WATER! WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?
I DON'T KNOW, SON! I'M WORKING ON A GEOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF THE WATER CONDITION NOW, BUT I'VE REACHED NO CONCLUSIONS YET AND OUR STUPID, POLITICALLY-MINDED WATER COMMISSIONER SEEMS RELUCTANT TO COOPERATE!

DAY BY DAY THE WATER FAMINE BECOMES MORE CRITICAL FIRST THE SMALL BROOKS AND CREEKS DRY UP... THEN LARGER RIVERS; AND, FINALLY, THE DEEP LAKES!
WITH WILD-LIFE, VEGETATION, AND HUMAN BEINGS SUFFERING ALIKE THE DESPERATE CITIZENS OF URANUS TAKE TO DIGGING WELLS IN THEIR OWN BACK YARDS, IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO KEEP ALIVE!
THE CATTLE ON THE FARMS ARE DYING - THE GARDENS ARE DRYING OUT - WE'LL HAVE NOTHING TO EAT UNLESS WE FIND WATER!
MY BABY IS SICK- I MUST HAVE WATER TO COOL HER FEVER!
IN THE CITY FIRES BREAK OUT, AND FLAMES ROAR AND RACE FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING, UNCHECKED!
WE'RE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! ALL OUR AUXILIARY TANKS, AND PORTABLE EXTINGUISHERS ARE EMPTY, AND THERE'S NO WATER FROM THE HYDRANTS!
AND, IN HOSPITAL AFTER HOSPITAL, ALL OVER THE CITY.....
ANOTHER ONE, NURSE?
YES, DOCTOR - THE SEVENTH ONE THIS MORNING! OUR STORAGE TANKS ARE DRY, AND WE SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP THE CRITICAL PATIENTS ALIVE! EVEN SOME OF THE YOUNGER NURSES ARE PASSING OUT!
IN DOCTOR GRAYSON'S LABORATORY, THE NOTED SCIENTIST AND HIS FAMOUS SON WORK FURIOUSLY OVER BOOKS AND CHARTS!
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, SON! OUR PROXIMITY TO THE SUN, AND THE GENERAL TREND OF THE CLIMATE SHOW ABSOLUTELY NO CAUSE FOR SUCH A DEARTH OF WATER! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
THE WEATHER ISN'T EVEN OVERLY HOT, DAD! DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE COULD BE -----?
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, DOCTOR! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT THERE'S BEEN A RIOT AMONG THE CITIZENS AT THE GATES TO THE MT ROUSDEL RESERVOIR -- THE ONLY RESERVOIR LEFT WITH ANY WATER IN IT! IT'S STILL FULL, AND THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THE CITIZENS OFF AT GUNPOINT!
MT ROUSDEL -- FULL ??? THE POLICE? GREAT GRIEF! SON, YOU'D BETTER GET UP THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

ONE HOUR LATER FINDS MARVEL BOY STAGGERING ACROSS A VAST STRETCH OF STRANGELY DEAD AND ARID COUNTRY -
THIS IS UNCANNY! IT'S NOT HOT--IT ISN'T THE SUN THAT'S DRYING UP THE WATER - BUT WHAT CAN IT BE? IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE URANIUM COMPOUND PILLS I TOOK TODAY, I THINK I'D PASS OUT FROM COMPLETE DEHYDRATION!
SUDDENLY, THE SCREAMING WHISTLE OF ATOM-PROPELLED ENGINES CAUSES HIM TO GLANCE SKYWARD ..
THE SKY POLICE! GOOD LORD! WHERE DID THEY GET THE WATER TO OPERATE ON?
HE STUMBLES ON, HEADING FOR THE FOOTHILLS
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS! MT. ROUSOEL RESERVOIR FULL. POLICE GUARDING IT AND POLICE PLANES USING THE PRECIOUS WATER NEEDED SO BADLY BY THE SICK AND DYING PEOPLE IN THE CITIES! IT STINKS OF POLITICS -- AND I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHERE THE ANSWER LIES! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO----
AND, A MOMENT LATER
THERE HE IS! GRAB HIM!
TROUBLEMAKER! I'LL FIX 'IM!
IN THE ENSUING FEW MOMENTS MARVEL BOY, WEAKENED BY INTENSE THIRST, IS SAVAGELY BEATEN AND LEFT FOR DEAD BY HIS ATTACKERS! SOMEWHAT LATER HE REVIVES
OOHHH! MY HEAD.. MY BACK! THANKS... AGAIN TO THE URANIUM PILL, THOSE GUYS DIDN'T KILL ME! WONDER WHERE THEY CAME FROM?... OH-OH! ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE LOST HIS CANTEEN IN THE SCUFFLE! WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!
REFRESHED AND ANGRY, HE RESUMES HIS JOURNEY WARILY AND SOON FINDS HIMSELF ON THE ROCKY SLOPE OF MT. ROUSOEL
HERE'S THE DAM AND THE RESERVOIR BRISTLING WITH GUARDS! SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY AROUND 'EM!
3

QUICKLY AND QUIETLY HE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE DAM, AND—
HEE! HEE! HEE! AIN'T THE WATER COMMISSIONER A CARD! WHO ELSE COULD'VE COOKED UP A SCHEME LIKE THIS TO WHIP THE STUPID CITIZENS INTO SUBMISSION?
WITH HIS BRAINS WE'LL SOON RULE ALL OF URANUS — WITH OUR HELP, OF COURSE!
SHUT UP, YOU FOOLS! WE MAY NOT HAVE DRIVEN OFF ALL THE RIOTERS! SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU!
?
— SILENTLY, HE DROPS DOWN THE FACE OF THE RESERVOIR, DIRECTLY BEHIND A SOLITARY, UNSUSPECTING GUARD —
— AND, SECONDS LATER, AT THE SPILLWAY VALVES —
HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM! WELL, AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THIS UNNATURAL WATER-FAMINE! FIRST THING TO DO IS TO TURN SOME OF THIS WATER LOOSE, AND JAM THE VALVES SO THEY CAN'T BE CLOSED AGAIN — AT LEAST NOT FOR A WHILE!
SUDDENLY, WITH A GREAT ROAR, THE WATER-GATES BURST OPEN!
WHAT TH —? LOOK!!!
HEY! WHO TURNED THAT WATER LOOSE?
LOOK! WATER! WATER!!! WE'RE SAVED!
NOW — TO GET BACK TO THE CITY, AND ENLIST THE AID OF MY YOUTH PATROL! I KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DIABOLICAL CATASTROPHE — AND I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED!
SOMEWHAT LATER, AT A MUNICIPAL SKYPORT NEAR THE CITY —
WE'RE REFUELLING AS FAST AS WE CAN, MARVEL BOY — THE WATER PRESSURE'S STILL AWFULLY LOW!
I KNOW, JANUS — BUT SPEED IT UP SOMEHOW! I WANT TO CATCH THOSE RENEGADE POLICE PLANES RED-HANDED — WHILE THEY'RE DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK!

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SKINNY GIRLS ARE NOT GLAMOUR G

# HOW TO ADD Glamorous Curves TO YOUR FIGURE

THE memory of Westall shall never be erased from my mind! I say "never", because twenty-six years have already passed since that eventful summer when I first visited that New England community; yet my recollections of those horrible moments are as vividly clear now as on the day they happened.

I had arrived in Westall on a beautiful summer day. A day of such perfect exuberance, of such splendid weather, that for the first time in many months, I enjoyed a feeling of rare contentment. I had only recently come through a long illness, and it was partly on my physician's advice that I made the trip. Although I was reluctant about doing any traveling at the time, my doctor took little notice of my objections and insisted that a change of scene would do me more good than all the medicines he could prescribe. I was bundled up, my bags packed, and in no time at all, I was aboard the train.

I was travelling alone—another regulation which was insisted upon. My illness had been of a nervous origin, and it was my physician's notion that if the trip were to do me any good, it must be fully achieved by a change in companionship as well as in scenery.

Let me say, at this point, that the township of Westall was not my destination. It was planned that I go on to Abbington, but when my train changed engines at the Westall depot, I was so completely captured by the quiet charms of the little community, that I decided to stay on. Without wasting a moment, I had the porter remove my baggage, and several minutes later I watched the train pull out of the station.

As I had already said, the day was beautiful. Not a single cloud disturbed the even blue of the sky. As I walked along the tree-lined streets, a mild breeze brought with it the sharp tang of the sea.

I had left my baggage with the rail clerk, an old wisp of a man, who only nodded in answer to my remarks and who seemed perfectly content in keeping the conversation a one-sided affair. As I walked away, I was conscious of his stare upon me, but I placed no special significance upon it. My plan was to walk through the town, find a suitable lodging, and then send for my luggage.

I had walked about following this plan for some twenty minutes, when the thought suddenly occurred to me that I had not yet seen any of the townspeople. The strangeness of it all became more apparent when another moment passed with no sign of a human being. It was then that I began to take notice of the houses. They were neither few nor numerous in number, but one factor in common with all of them was the shutters. All were closed or drawn.

I couldn't help wondering about this. Why, on such a beautiful day as this, should the inhabitants choose to keep out all light? I searched for an answer.

It was then I noticed something else. The design of the houses seemed apparently outmoded. Although scrupulously clean and with a well-tended look, they were definitely antiquated in appearance. With this new disturbance in mind, I continued on my way, but already a sense of uneasiness filled me with panic.

I was at the point of turning back toward the station, having already decided to take the next train out, when I suddenly caught sight of the figure of a young woman. She had just come out of a small lane about fifty feet ahead of me. Her sudden appearance came as a shock. It was so completely unexpected, for by this time I had given up hope of seeing anyone. At any rate, I breathed a sigh of relief and quickened my step in her direction. She was walking away from me, and since the corner wasn't far off I hoped to catch up with her before her reaching it. I hurried along now all the more quickly, but it seemed as if the hard pace only approaching footsteps and either through fear or an unwillingness to wait for me, she quickened her step, too. As she reached the corner, I called out, but not heeding my call, she rounded the bend and was gone from view.

It was only a matter of seconds before I reached the corner. But here I was in for another shock—she was nowhere in SIGHT!

What made it all the more alarming was that there was no possible place for her to have disappeared. The street was entirely void of buildings, except for one wooden structure which stood at the far end of the avenue. It was impossible for her to have reached it in the few seconds it took me to reach the

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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...CONTINUED

corner. Thus I remained rooted to the spot, not knowing what to make of her flight nor which way to turn, when I heard a movement in the branches of a tree just above my head. Looking up I saw a large crow edging its way along the length of a limb. Its plumage was of the blackest hue I had ever seen. All the while it moved cautiously along the branch it fixed me with a deadly stare from red, beady eyes which seemed to glow with hatred.

I seemed to be transfixed by the ugly fascination of the creature's eyes, when suddenly it took off. With a wheeling motion, it headed directly for the solitary building at the end of the street. In a few moments it had settled upon the roof, and after strutting about for several seconds, took to flight again and disappeared behind a cluster of trees.

Whatever made me walk in the direction of that building is something I shall never know. Yet at the time, I felt compelled to do so. It was an irresistible impulse, an impelling command which destroyed all my will to resist, and slowly I felt myself drawn toward it.

When I approached the building I noticed an overhead sign which read RAVEN INN. Slowly, I opened the door and entered.

It was dark inside, and it took a little while for my eyes to become accustomed to the dim light. Then, slowly, I made out a desk, behind which was an old woman.

"A room?" she asked, and I was strongly aware of the harsh rasp to her voice.

I nodded dumbly in agreement and reached out for the key she held toward me.

"Perhaps you would care for some food?" she went on. "Travel always makes one hungry, doesn't it?"

Without waiting for my reply she came out from behind the desk and led the way into an adjoining room. I followed her as one in a trance, and sat down at a small table. Several minutes later, a younger woman entered, carrying a tray. As she set it down before me, I had a sudden recollection. Unmistakably, I knew it to be the woman I had seen on the street. All I glanced into her face, a cold shudder passed over me. Her eyes were the color of rubies and they were filled with a loathing hatred. Again I was seized by what seemed to be a force outside of me, and picking

up the glass of wine from the tray I drank deep and long.

I was awakened by a light, fluttering sound. As I stirred about I found myself in a strange room. My head pounded and as I brushed my tongue across my lips, they tasted of the wine. In a flash I knew I had been drugged. Then I heard the fluttering sound again. It came from the window. I staggered across the room and what I saw outside seemed to turn the blood in my veins to ice. There was a huge raven with bloodred eyes, hovering beyond the pane. Then I saw something else—evil terror struck again. The air was fast becoming thick with these creatures. From beyond the cluster of trees they rushed forward. Others were rising from the chimneys of distant houses. I dared not think—but were these the inhabitants of Westall?

Blindly, I rushed from the room and down the stairs. Outside the mad group whirled above me. Terror and panic gave me strength, and in the gathering dusk I rushed toward the station. As I approached the small depot I heard the whistle of an approaching train. As though in a signal, the screaming birds wheeled in flight.

Several minutes later I was standing beside my luggage and in another moment the train had pulled in. I remember my shouting at the old railway clerk, demanding an explanation, and then as he pointed to his ears, I realized the futility of it all. He was stone deaf.

As though I were in a dream, I stumbled aboard the train and fell heavily into a seat. The next thing I remembered was the conductor asking for my ticket.

"Are we much beyond Westall?" I managed to utter.

"Westall?" he muttered. "No such town on this stop. Never heard of it."

As he walked off I felt myself doubting my sanity. Was it all an hallucination? Unknowingly my tongue slid across my lips and once again I was aware of the heavy taste of the wine.

Since then I have told my story to many people. All efforts to locate a town called Westall have been futile. My doctor, after hearing the story, put it down to the weakened state of my nerves and long illness. It is an explanation I would prefer believing—but try as I might, this I CANNOT accept!

THE END

# And to think they used to call me SKINNY!

## Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind *my* back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of *your own* room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body – watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

## FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60F, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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THE NIGHTMARE
LET ME GO! LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' TO ME! LET GO BEFORE.... YI-I-I-I!
MY HEAD! YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF!
STOP! YOU'RE TEARING ME APART! STOP!

STOP IT! YOU'RE... WOW! WHATTA DREAM... THAT'S THE WEIRDEST ONE I'VE EVER HAD! I BETTER GET IT WRITTEN DOWN BEFORE I FORGET IT!
THAT NIGHTMARE WILL MAKE A TERRIFIC STORY FOR "MARVEL TALES"! I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THERE, THAT'S DONE... NOW BACK INTO THE SACK!
EVERY WRITER HAS HIS "SECRET" METHOD FOR GETTING GOOD HORROR STORY PLOTS... SOME GET DRUNK... OTHERS DO IT THE HARD WAY... THEY THINK 'EM OUT! ME... I HAVE A PLATE OF WHIPPED CREAM AND PICKLES BEFORE BEDTIME... AND BROTHER... THAT'S GOOD IN THEM THAR NIGHTMARES...
WELCOME, HANK... WELCOME!
BY THE MIDDLE OF THAT FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, I DELIVERED MY COMPLETED SCRIPT TO THE EDITOR OF MARVEL TALES:
WOW! THIS IS TERRIFIC, HANK! HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU DREAM UP THESE WEIRD PLOTS?
HA! IF YOU ONLY KNEW. STAN! NOW WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?
IT'S A TOUGH ONE! WE'RE GETTING OUT A SPECIAL EDITION OF "ASTONISHING" AND WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A FEATURE HORROR STORY FOR IT. THAT'S BETTER THAN ANY ONE EVER PUBLISHED BEFORE!
I'M YOUR MAN, STAN! WHAT IS THIS STORY TO BE ABOUT?
ABOUT A MAN WHO GETS LOST... IN A WEIRD, FANTASTIC NIGHTMARE!
HUH? STAN, I'LL WRITE YOU A STORY THAT WILL READ LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN BY A GUY WHO'S BEEN THERE AND BACK A DOZEN TIMES!

"TOUGH ASSIGNMENT"...IS THAT WHAT HE SAID? **HA!** WITH MY **DREAM SYSTEM** I KNEW IT'D BE AS EASY AS LICKIN' AN ALL-DAY LOLLIPOP!

BETTER MAKE THAT **TWO QUARTS** OF HEAVY CREAM TODAY, MR. OPPENHEIMER... AND A DOLLARS WORTH OF PICKLES!

ACH, YOU ISS A STRANGE ONE, HEINRICK! PICKLES WIT CREAM... DOT GIFFS BAD DREAMS AND A BELLYACHE, JAH!

THAT NIGHT, I READ ALL OF THE PAST HORROR STORIES I HAD WRITTEN TO PUT ME INTO THE PROPER MOOD... AND I ATE MY WHIPPED CREAM AND PICKLES AS I PERUSED THOSE TALES OF MY FAVORITE WRITER...

**YE GADS!** TWELVE BELLS ALREADY! GUESS I'LL HIT THE HAY... AND AFTER THAT LITTLE SNACK, I OUGHT TO DREAM UP A REAL HAIR-RAISER!

BONG BONG

UM-M! LET'S SEE... I'VE GOT MY PAPER AND PENCIL WHERE? I CAN GRAB IT AN' WRITE DOWN THE DREAM BEFORE ANY OF IT SLIPS AWAY! WELL, WAHKIE O, BOY... WEIRD DREAMS AND HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES TO YA... G'NITE!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER I PUT OUT THE LIGHTS, I FELT A COLD, CLAMMY WIND WHIP INTO MY ROOM. MY EYES FELT AS IF A MIST HAD FALLEN OVER THEM! STRANGE SHADOWS MARRED THE WALLS OF MY ROOM!

REMEMBER ME? SURE YOU DO... YOU MADE ME THIS WAY IN ONE OF YOUR STORIES!

**HUH?** YEAH... SURE... I REMEMBER! BUT... I...I...

...AND YOU HAD ME BRANDED WITH A HOT POKER IN A HORROR TALE!

...YOU KILLED ME IN A STORY ONLY YESTERDAY!

ME, TOO!

AND ME!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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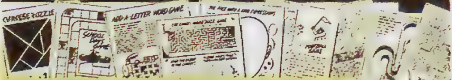


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*Each Game Is Complete with Instructions for Play*

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...BUT... BUT THAT WAS ONLY IN A STORY IT WASN'T REAL!
SO IT WASN'T REAL, HUH? THEN YOU DON'T MIND IF WE DO IT TO YOU... AFTER ALL, THIS IS ONLY A DREAM!
FIRST, WE'LL BRAND YOU...
NO! NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.. DON'T! OW-WW!
THEN WE'LL TURN YOU INTO A MONSTER!
STOP! STOP! AR-R-ROW!
WOW! WHAT A PLOT! I BETTER WRITE IT DOWN... HEY! IF I'M AWAKE... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? YOU'RE A NIGHTMARE... YOU....
GREAT BLAZES! I PINCHED MYSELF AND I AM AWAKE... BUT I'M CAUGHT IN THIS NIGHTMARE! I'M NOT DREAMING... THIS PLACE IS REAL!
HEY! YOU OUT THERE! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES, WRITE TO THE EDITOR OF ASTONISHING AND TELL HIM WHERE I AM! HURRY! PLEASE... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
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Maxwell Bogg and the

# WALKING GHOST

EE-E! HELP!

BOGG

BLUE MOONLIT SUMMER EVENING. A LONE CAB WITH A SINGLE OCCUPANT APPROACHES A HUGE, GOTHIC MANSION ON AN ISOLATED ESTATE NEAR BOSTON.

THE DRIVER DRIVES SLOWLY ON THE GREAT PANELLED OAK DOORS —

MISS DIANA FROST ? I'M BOB OBAYSON, REPRESENTING THE AMALGAMATED INSURANCE CONSORT — YOU ASKED FOR AN INVESTIGATION ? I BELIEVE ?
OH, YES, MR OBAYSON — DO COME IN, PLEASE !

OUT THERE, ACROSS THE LAWN... THAT -- THAT HORRIBLE MAUSOLEUM! HE WAS BURIED THERE LAST WEEK AND THE TOMB WAS PERMANENTLY SEALED BY STONEMASONS... YET HIS GHOST WALKS ABROAD EVERY NIGHT AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE!
YES, I KNOW... $150,000, WHICH WE PAID TO A CERTAIN DOCTOR ROGER CARLYSLE. HIS PHYSICIAN, AS SOLE
OH OH! WHO'S THAT AT THE TERRACE WINDOW?
GLAD TO MEET YOU, DOCTOR! DIANA AND I MET ONLY A --ER-- SHORT WHILE AGO
THE EVENING PASSES SLOWLY, AND SOON THE CONVERSATION TURNS TO DIANA'S STRANGE PROBLEM... THEN, AS THE GREAT CLOCK IN THE HALL COMMENCES TO STRIKE MIDNIGHT...
DIANA!!!
EEE-E! LOOK!
2

IT-IT'S HIM! THE GHOST OF GIDEON FROST – MY UNCLE! OUT ON THE TERRACE!
I – I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
YOU DON'T? LISTEN – YOU STAY RIGHT HERE DIANA! COME ON, DOC!
I SAW HIM! HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE HERE! HE CAN'T GET AWAY – HE CAN'T – HE – HE – GOOD GRIEF! HE'S COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!
WHO'S DISAPPEARED? THERE WAS NO ONE OUT HERE, MY BOY! YOU MUST BE OVERWROUGHT, MY DEAR GRAYSON – PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP!
NO! LOOK! THERE IT IS AGAIN! INSIDE THE ROOM WE JUST LEFT! DIANA'S IN THERE! GET OUT OF MY WAY!
CERTAINLY, SIR, CERTAINLY! NEEDN'T BE SO BLASTED ROUGH! I TELL YOU, I DON'T SEE A THING!
DIANA! ARE YOU ALL – LOOK, DOC! ON THE FLOOR!
DEAD FAINT – TYPICAL WOMAN'S ESCAPE FROM REALITY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE EXCITED HER, MY BOY – YOU'D BETTER LEAVE NOW – I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!
YES – PERHAPS YOU WILL – BUT I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND UNTIL SHE COMES OUT OF IT ANYHOW! OH, BY THE WAY, DOC – WHO DOES THIS ESTATE BELONG TO, NOW THAT GIDEON FROST IS DEAD?
WHY, ER, DIANA, I SUPPOSE – NEVER WAS GIDEON'S! BELONGED TO HIS WIFE, LEFT IT TO DIANA WHEN SHE DIED, YEAR AGO – DIDN'T LEAVE GIDEON ANYTHING BUT SOME INSURANCE – HE PUT IT ALL BACK INTO A POLICY ON HIMSELF – A WISE MAN!
I SEE – I WONDERED WHY SHE CONTINUED TO STAY ON HERE AFTER GIDEON'S GHOST BEGAN TO FRIGHTEN HER –
GIDEON'S GHOST... BAH! I TOLD HER IF SHE STAYED ALONE IN THIS GHASTLY OLD PLACE SHE'D START "SEEING" THINGS! OUGHT TO'VE STAYED IN THE CITY, AND LET THE OLD DUMP ROT!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT — WELL, DOC, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL SPEND
EH? OH — ER — NO, AFRAID I CAN'T — PROFESSIONAL CALLS TO MAKE.
BOB GRAYSON WATCHES THE DOCTOR LEAVE THE ROOM, THEN —
TOUCHED
LEAVE YOU NOW, BUT I WON'T BE FAR AWAY!
MOMENTS LATER, BOB GRAYSON ENTERS HIS CAR, AND, IN A FEW SECONDS, EMERGES AGAIN AS MARVEL BOY
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON WHY THIS GHOST ISN'T PARTICULARLY CONVINCING! OH OH! SOMETHING'S MOVING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!
HE FREEZES BEHIND A PORTIERE AND SCANS THE ROOM
THE FIREPLACE!
UGH!
THUD!
4

SOME LITTLE TIME ELAPSES, UNKNOWN TO MARVEL BOY...BEFORE THE RINGING IN HIS HEAD CEASES, AND A FAINT GLIMMER OF LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH TO HIS ACHING BRAIN —
A MOMENT LATER—
AHA! "THE GHOST NEEDS LIGHT, TO WALK BY NIGHT..." AND THEREFORE — BUT I CAN'T WASTE TIME GAWKING AT AN EMPTY TOMB!
EEEEI-IY! HELP!
DIANA! WHAT—?
HELP! GET ... YOUR ... SLIMEY ... HANDS ... OFF ME ... YOU ... YOU ...!!!
LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!!!
YI!

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# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realise how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be:

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

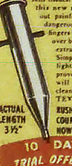
*Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy!* And that's ALL!

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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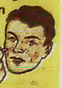

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BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4005
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

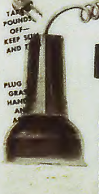
NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

# REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME
## WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

ELECTRIC
SPOT
REDUCER



# TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

## *Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY* without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

**YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME**

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

UL UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

# TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

**ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS**

**CAN'T SLEEP:** Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

**MUSCULAR ACHES:** A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**USED BY EXPERTS:** Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

**ORDER IT TODAY!**

**MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. F-306
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10-day trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

**LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK**

GIVEN!
ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!
JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"
I'M TIRED OF PLAYING PIRATES! WE NEVER FIND ANY TREASURE ANYWAY-
ME TOO!
HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH' SWELL NEW WATCH I EARNED, SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!
-AN' I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE NOW!
SAY, BETTY, THAT BEATS DIGGING FOR PIRATE TREASURE! LET'S SEND IN THOSE COUPONS!
A FEW DAYS LATER JIM AND BETTY ARE BUSY SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
GOLLY! THIS SALVE SURE SELLS FAST! NOW LETS CALL ON MRS. BROWN-
IT'S FUN!
-AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, YOU GET A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!
GEE! SHE BOUGHT 2 BOXES! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DOLL IN NO TIME, BETTY-
-AND YOU'LL SOON HAVE YOUR FOOT-BALL, JIM-
YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY TO EARN THESE PREMIUMS! TO START, JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON--
WE ARE RELIABLE!
Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.
OUR 56th YEAR
Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!
Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's Fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!
ACT NOW 56th YR.
BE FIRST
Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.
NO MONEY NOW
Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).
YOUR BIG CHANCE!
LOOK!
START TODAY!
Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.
Footballs, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.
BIG CATALOG!
Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!
ACT NOW
WE ARE RELIABLE
MAIL NOW!
Wilson Chem. Co. Dept.148-BY, Tyrone, Pa. Date........
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.
Name........ Age........
St........ RD........ Box........
Town........ Zone No........ State........
PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

*This one's for you, my friend*

*"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"*
*—Hebrew proverb*

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace